

No. 7

# HELEN JEWETT



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THE  
TRULY REMARKABLE  
LIFE  
OF THE BEAUTIFUL  
HELEN JEWETT,  
WHO WAS SO MYSTERIOUSLY MURDERED.

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*THE STRANGEST AND MOST EXCITING CASE KNOWN IN THE  
POLICE ANNALS OF CRIMES AND MYSTERIES IN  
THE GREAT CITY OF NEW YORK.*

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# LIFE OF HELEN JEWETT.

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## CHAPTER I.

### BIRTH AND PARENTAGE OF HELEN JEWETT—HER CHILDHOOD LOVE.

IN commencing the relation of one of the most horrid tragedies that ever froze the blood, or in its harrowing details paralyzed the pulsations of the human heart, we are involuntarily disposed, like one entering the chamber of the dead, to pause upon the threshold, and for a moment to fortify our breasts with precepts which may dispose us to the lesson with a sense of profit. There are reasons, however, in this case which induce us to forego the inclination, and we will, therefore, rather choose to leave the reader to receive his moral from the course and body of the narrative itself.

The real name of the beautiful and unfortunate Helen Jewett was Dorcas Doyen. Her parents were Welsh, but had emigrated to this country at an early period of marriage, and at the time of the birth of this, their only daughter, they resided in the outskirts of Augusta, in the State of Maine. Their circumstances were humble, the father being a mechanic, dependent on his daily labor for his subsistence, and the mother subject to tasks of knitting and shoe-binding to supply the deficits sometimes occasioned by her husband's drunken sprees.

Dorcas, their child, was born in the month of June. At an early age she evinced a remarkable quickness of intellect, and learned everything which was submitted to her examination with the practical comprehension of a mature mind. At eight years of age she was able to assist her mother, not only in her domestic tasks, but in her shop work; and when that parent died, at the age of nine she supplied her place in the housewifery of the humble dwelling, with a capacity for all its cares.



Near Dorcas' residence lived a boy some four years older than herself, named Sumner, who managed to ingratiate himself in her acquaintance by that mode of overture which nature and art both prescribe as the readiest means of access to the female heart—presents. He was rude in his manners and uncouth in his appearance, but there was a beauty in his rugged strength, and the two soon became firm friends and inseparable companions.

Under Helen's gentle and affectionate nature there ran concealed a vein of fire that needed but the touch of passion to set it in a rage. Undeveloped, and in childhood, this tendency merely gave earnestness to her expressions and added warmth to her attachments; but it was destined, when time should touch her with the throes of womanhood, to be as vehement as rage and as intractable as frenzy. The quiet, resolute, and energetic boy was, on the other hand, but another type of the ardent, loving girl; though her sparkling glee seemed, when contrasted with his harsh reserve, no nearer in alliance than the dull carbon to the flaming gem.

As the intemperate habits of old Doyen increased upon him, the intercourse of the two children grew more close; and, finally, their impunity from check or observation emboldened them to a degree which led them to even step beyond the remotest limits of reserve. An accident one day betrayed this state of things to the father. His rage knew no bounds, and, half maimed under his blows, the boy was driven from the house. For the few days which immediately succeeded the discovery the lad was obliged to conceal himself from Doyen's anger; but at the end of the week his friends, consulting a prudent policy, sent him to a store in Portland, and in a few days more despatched word to Doyen that he had gone on a whaling voyage to the Pacific.

After the lapse of a few months, Helen, who was at this time but eleven years of age, consoled herself for the loss of her companion, and behaved herself with scrupulous decorum; but as she increased in age, her father saw the impropriety of retaining a child of her quick and shrewd perceptions in such close proximity to the example of a parent's vices. He therefore cast about for some situation in which to place her, where she might be brought up with a due regard to worldly profit and mental cultivation. She was a general favorite in the neighborhood, and he had no difficulty in getting her a place in the family of Judge Weston,



with whose youngest daughter she had been a regular playmate. At this time Dorcas was thirteen years of age. In a few months afterward her father died—his death being the result, according to the statement of the judge, of intemperate habits.

Dorcas Doyen soon became a general favorite in the family which had adopted her, and instead of being allowed to remain in a condition of servitude, she was promoted to the more comfortable dependence of companionship. The talents she evinced gave her guardian an interest in her improvement, and she was sent to a common school with those of his children who were of the same period of life. Her quickness of apprehension and extraordinary proficiency soon exceeded all calculation, and she merited by her demeanor and her studious habits all the encomiums and kindly feeling which were extended to her by her teachers and her friends.

As she progressed in scholarship she acquired a taste for reading, and in this she was suffered to indulge to the full extent of the multifarious collection of the judge's library. Then it was that her young blood, only warm before, became alert and fervid; then, that the glance of her large black eye, from the mere sparkle of thoughtless cheerfulness, became soft and languishing with voluptuous meditation.

Ripened by these stimulations, her form at sixteen had taken the contour of maturity. Her faculties and functions also developed to their climax, chafed at the restraints which condemned them to inaction. She was lovely and might have commanded a match, but her proud demeanor restrained those of her own class from any serious application, while her sanguine notions had never contemplated anything short of a very superior connection. Besides, there still lurked in her imagination a kind thought or two of her first sweetheart, Sumner; and while pausing amid the paper loves of Juan or of Azim, she would now and then indulge her fancy with the notion that perhaps the banished boy might one day come back from his ocean ramble loaded with pearls and rubies, or with his chest freighted with the golden sand which had formed the beach of some theretofore untrodden Indian isle.

One soft moonlight evening, while returning alone from the house of an acquaintance where she had spent the afternoon, she fell into a reverie of this kind, and as she followed the illusion through its vagaries, her step fell slower and slower on the path.



Suddenly, as she passed a cluster of trees, whose heavy foliage threw from the other side their shadow into the centre of the road, she heard a rustling in the copse, and in the next moment a large, dark figure stepped out from the shade and advanced towards her through the moonlight. She shrank in her tracks, and was about to scream with fright at the unexpected apparition, when a voice pronounced her name which thrilled her with a more profound sensation than the previous terror.

She paused and looked earnestly at the figure with a combination of emotions, spell-bound, and without either resolution to speak or power to retreat.

"Dorcas!" said the voice again, "has an absence of five years made you forget me?"

"What! is this you?" said the beautiful girl, in a tone of enthusiasm, extending her hands to give him welcome. "Is it you?"

"Yes, Dorcas," said the man, rapidly advancing and slipping his hands between hers until his muscular arms met behind her waist. "Yes, this is me—Sumner—your old playmate."

"Ah," said Dorcas, languidly, as she thrilled beneath his pressure, "I never expected to see you again."

From this time forth her meetings with her lover were continuous and steady; and though her new passion for wandering in the woods far distant, with a book, occasioned a deal of speculation in the family of Judge Weston, it never once took the color of suspicion.

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## CHAPTER II.

### THE ADVANCE TOWARDS SHAME—EXPULSION FROM PARADISE.

A NEGRESS, who at one time had been employed in Sumner's family, became cognizant of his amours, and henceforth the lovers met at her cabin. One night Sumner told his beautiful sweetheart that he must leave the next day for New York to take the berth of second mate, on a ship bound for the Western Ocean. We need not describe her dismay and gloom when she received this unexpected news. Suffice it, she was overwhelmed, and for a long time would not hear of his persistence in his determination.



She mistook the blind abandonments of animal infatuation for the deep devotion of a soul-absorbing love, and in her first frantic fervor declared that she could not live apart from him. Had she been truly in love, as she was doomed yet fatally to be, she would have felt the possibility of making a sacrifice for the welfare of her idol.

But the positive qualities of Sumner's nature, and the manifest necessities of the case, at length carried the day, and the next morning after the announcement by the lover of his intentions, found Dorcas desolate.

From the day of Sumner's departure Helen began to look about her for new lovers, and she made the house of the negress a place of resort for herself and male companions. Nancy had noticed the alteration of affairs in her young mistress's notions of intrigue, and like the acute duenna of Donna Mergullina, she rose with her patroness's fancy and constructed for herself a new office out of the popularity of her charms. Nancy held herself accessible to the visits of the suitors, and many a note which the coquette devoured with mischievous merriment, had previously tickled the fingers of the negress with a silver fee. Her digressions from propriety continued and increased, until they at length became so flagrant, that the town was filled with rumors of her shame. These rumors, at length, forced themselves upon the ears of the kind family which had done so much for her, and trembling with consciousness of guilt, she was summoned to answer in her defence. Her tears and protestations gained her an acquittal for a time, but subsequent disclosures, which were soon afterwards brought forward, confirmed all previous reports of her incontinence, and with a rebuke which cost her sorrowful reprovers more agony, perhaps, than it inflicted on herself, she was turned from the hospitable roof which had so long protected her, to find a shelter in that hollow world whose vanities and vices she had so weakly chosen for her counsellors.





Helen's good nature could brook the accusations no further. Bounding forward, she threw the old hag upon the floor, and in great fury jumped upon her.

Trot Helenens Gleichgültigkeit konnte sie diese Beschuldigungen nicht länger anhören. Sie sprang auf die alte Hege los, warf sie zu Boden und stampfte voller Wuth auf ihr herum.



## CHAPTER III.

THE OUTCAST AND THE NEGRESS—PORTLAND—HELEN RECEIVES EMPLOYMENT FROM A CHARITABLE LADY, VERY FLASHILY DRESSED.

THE day was as desolate as the young creature's grief, when with her little bundle she turned an outcast from her guardian's door. The year had harvested most of its bright joys; the blasts of a keen October had already stripped nature of its summer gear, and, like a barbarous despoiler, it now whirled the atoms of its faded verdure in the air. On the night previous there had been a hard, black frost, which enflinted the bosom of the earth, and following the ungenial symptom came a gathering storm, which muddied the whole face of heaven. On all sides the avenues of sympathy seemed closed. As the little feet of the wanderer passed totteringly through the garden gate, the snow began to fall, and soon she was enveloped in a blinding mist, while her untempered body shivered under the keen assaults of the biting atmosphere.

Crying as though her heart would break, she staggered towards the cottage of the negress, some half mile distant, rejecting the recommendation of those who had discharged her to take the stage for Norridgewook, where lived some relation of her father, whom she had never seen. Oh! where was Sumner now? Why was he not at her side? Her answer was in the blast that whistled round her. She was desolate indeed!

Overcome with the agitation of her feelings, and weakened by pulling against the storm, the miserable girl turned to look for a spot to sit down for a few moments to recruit her strength, and reflect without the distraction of physical exertion. The movement was blessed with a relief, for she then discovered that, despite her darkened fortunes and debased condition, she was not as desolate as she had supposed. Close upon her heels, as his slow tracks gave proof, a faithful mastiff that had been her pet had followed her footsteps from the threshold which had sent her forth, and now, when she sat upon a stone and leaned against the fence to recover her breath, he sat opposite and looked into her tearful face as though he understood her grief. This touching consolation unlocked the fountains of another flood, and softened



thus, and likewise soothed by the contemplation of her voluntary escort, she soon took heart, and with a somewhat lighter spirit than before, proceeded on to the place of her destination.

When she arrived at the cottage of the negress, the surprise of the old hag was the signal for a new burst of lamentation. She held her accountable for all the debasement she had suffered; but Nancy's recollections were quite equal to the eloquent criminations of the beautiful accuser.

The wretched girl, astounded by the hag's maledictory accusations, raised herself to her full stature and demanded of the old crone, in a tone of asperity, what she meant.

Nancy, however, was in too towering a flight of moral elevation to answer anything directly. "It amused her, it did, to see some people put on airs; people too, who was no better than any other people, and who, if the truth came to the truth, were only servants at last."

"Why, Nancy!" said the girl in the same tone as before, her cheek flashing and paling with alternate fear and rage.

But Nancy was still above the level of interrogation. "She was astonished, she was, to say the least, that a person who had ruined an innocent young man, and sent him off to sea, should talk about being ruined herself! For her part, she was sick of such characters, and she had made up her mind to have nothing more to do with them. They had made her sinful enough already, and if she harbored or countenanced 'em any longer, she would expect some judgment of the Lord to fall upon her."

The eyes of the object of this singular tirade were no longer moist. They flashed with a fire which dried them in an instant, while the veins which swelled resentfully upon her temples, seemed as if they were about to burst with a surcharge of rage. When the negress had done speaking, the couchant listener paused for a moment in the hope that she would turn, so that she might catch her eye, but finding that Nancy's high disdain tossed her head out of the reach of that rebuke, she gave rein to her passion, bounded forward, and throwing her on the floor, jumped on the prostrate body of the old wretch, and kneaded it with her little feet like a perfect fury. When released from this pedal discipline, the old woman rose and ran screaming out of doors, but Dorcas, paying no heed to her movements, pulled on her shoes and stock-



ings, which were now hanging dry by the fire, and putting on her hat and shawl, left the house in a paroxysm of passion.

It was near five o'clock in the afternoon. The storm was still raging, and the ground was covered to the depth of several inches with its feathery deposit; but it did not impress the wanderer as gloomily as it had done in the morning. Her insults had revived her spirits and imbued her anew with something like ambition. It seemed to her that she was the victim of a conspiracy, and a desire for revenge became at once a motive for exertion and a spur for the defiance of those whom she regarded as her persecutors. She wrapped her shawl well about her, and, bending her head out of the feathery deluge, walked towards the town with a much firmer step than she had left her home in the morning. The few thin tears which now and then unbidden forced themselves into the trenches of her eyes were parched from their channels in a moment, as a shower would be consumed in the crater of a volcano.

She avoided any approach to what had been her home by a wide circuit to the south, and sought a little shop kept by an Irish widow on the river. Explaining that a falling out had taken place between herself and the family with whom she had resided, she engaged lodging for the night, and gave a shilling to a laborer to go to the mansion and bring the trunk, which she had left behind, and which, she had been told by her former protectors, would be sent after her whenever she should indicate her destination. She retired soon, making the remark before leaving the room that she should go to Portland by the morning boat. Although persuaded to remain by the kind-hearted Irishwoman, she was firm in her determination, and at the hour of parting bade her an affectionate adieu.

The morning after her arrival in Portland she awoke full of an intention to apply for needlework at some of the shops, and begin life anew. Her first two applications were at millinery stores; but at both, on the fact being known that she had no knowledge of the business, she was refused. The third store at which she applied combined with its millinery features the department of dress-making; and as Dorcas understood something of the latter art, she was hopeful of encouragement. The woman of the store replied, however, that she had a sufficiency of hands. Disappointed, the youthful applicant turned to take her leave, her



face saddened with another shade of hopelessness. As she approached the door she observed a flashily-dressed middle-aged woman, who came towards her, and, touching her arm, asked if she had understood rightly that she was desirous of employment as a needlewoman.

The girl looked upon the coarse, worldly face of her questioner; and, after a momentary pause, answered that she had understood aright.

"Then I can furnish it to you if you will come with me," said the woman.

"Where?"

"At my own house."

"Have you any family?"

"Only three young ladies."

"Your relations?"

"My nieces."

When the conversation had progressed thus far, there came running after the two females a young girl from the shop they had just left. She had been sent by the milliner, who had watched the movements of the flashily-dressed middle-aged woman with the deepest interest. When she saw her speak to Dorcas, she hastily directed one of her apprentices to run after the young woman whom Mrs. Burras was speaking to, and tell her to come back, as she wished to see her.

But Mrs. Burras was too shrewd to be taken at such an advantage. Stepping back a few paces, she said to the child in a low but emphatic tone, "Tell Mrs. Macy not to concern herself about the French flowers for my hat. I think I shall wear cut velvet and a feather. Mrs. Watson has a splendid assortment of that description, and as all my girls talk of getting suited there, I may perhaps be obliged to go to her. Tell Mrs. Macy, however, that I shall manage to stop in and see her this afternoon before I decide. There now, my dear, run back; I have some conversation with this young lady, and do not wish to be disturbed."

Having despatched the apprentice with this significant message, Mrs. Burras and her young companion then proceeded on, and in the course of a long walk towards the west part of the town, she engaged Dorcas, or rather Maria Stanley, as the young adventuress now called herself, to do the plain sewing for her family at the rate of four dollars a week and board, stating that the en-



gagement would extend to the duration of four or five weeks; and if she proved to be of superior service, her wages would be increased to a dollar more.

These terms were readily accepted by Dorcas; and by the time the conditions were duly settled she arrived with her dashing employer at a neat two-story brick house, which that lady informed her was the place of her abode.

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## CHAPTER IV.

### HELEN AT EIGHTEEN—A SINGULAR RECOGNITION—LIFE IN PORTLAND.

HELEN JEWETT, or Maria Stanley, as she had concluded to call herself on her arrival at Portland, was at this period eighteen years of age. She was a shade below the middle height, but of a form of exquisite symmetry, and which, though voluptuously turned in every perceptible point, was sufficiently dainty in its outline to give her the full advantage of a medium stature to the eye. Her complexion was that of a clear brown, bearing in it all the voluptuous ardor of that shade, without the dregs and specks which are too apt to muddy the coarser specimens of the brunette, and which, instead of the Promethean fervor, indicate no quality above mere grossness of the blood. Above a forehead of transparent smoothness, and beside a pair of ivory temples in which might be dimly seen a delicate tracery of blue, she trained two heavy waves of glossy, jet-black hair, while on the top that crown of female glory reposed, the richness of an abundant coil. Her features were not what might be termed regular, but there was a harmony in their expression which was inexpressibly more charming than mere mathematical agreement or a precise accord. The nose was rather small, which was a fault; the mouth was rather large, but the full richness of its satin lips and the deep files of ivory infantry which crescented within their rosy lines, redeemed all its latitudinal excess; while her large black, steady eyes, streaming now with glances of precocious knowledge, and anon languishing with meditation or snapping with mischievousness, gave the whole picture a peculiar charm, which, despite of its disagreements, entitled it to the renown of one of the most fascinating faces that ever imperilled a susceptible observer.



**Added** to all these natural gifts she possessed a nice and discriminating taste for dress, which, aided by a graceful carriage, consisting of a sweet oscillation that seemed rather to woo than to force the air to give it place, served to display those blessings to the best advantage.

In disposition this lovely creature was equal to her form. She was frank and amiable. Her heart was kind to excess to all who required her assistance, though the ardor of her temperament rendered her bosom amenable to the fiercest sentiments of passion. These bursts, however, were fitful, not malevolent; and though unscrupulous while in their first gush of rage, might be turned, by a single well-directed touch, into the viaduct of generous forgiveness. In manner she was vivacious and merry, though, like all intellectual persons of that description, she was subject to sudden and violent depressions. But these were brief, and the animal sparkle of her spirits soon triumphed and scintillated over all.

Such was Helen Jewett in her eighteenth year. Such was she, when, under the name of Maria Stanley, she became an inmate of the house of Mrs. Burras, as she at first thought, in the capacity of family seamstress.

She had been in the house but a short time when she was conscious of its true character, and firm in the virtuous resolves she had made, determined to escape. Her intention, however, was apprehended by Mrs. Burras, who was as equally determined that she should become a member of her household. To this end she despatched a messenger to the cashier of one of the city banks, a man noted for his amours, and one of her most liberal patrons. In such seductive words was the message couched that the cashier, anxious for a new conquest, responded immediately in person. Now, it so happened that Dorcas had met this gallant before in Augusta, but when he entered the room, not recognizing him, she turned from him on her chair, and with her face resting on her hand, kept her meditative position at her dressing-table. The visitor sat down across a chair, with the careless indifference of a man who was aware that his business did not require ceremony; but on getting no reply to a repetition of his first address, he rose and dropped his hand lightly on the thinker's shoulder.

The girl turned her beautiful face up towards him clouding with indignation at his touch, when of a sudden its gusty anger



vanished, and after a brief absorbing glance, she uttered an exclamation of delight and threw herself into his arms. After the first paroxysm wore off, she began to entreat him out of regard for their old friendship to take her away from the abominable dwelling in which she was now a prisoner. These entreaties were resisted by the cashier for some time, but at length yielding to the growing fascination which she exercised over him, he procured a house for her in a remote portion of the town, and established her in most luxurious style.

The appearance of this star upon the staid surface of the town of Portland of course excited much attention, and soon the residence of the dashing brunette became well known to those of the coxcombs of the town, who were sufficiently enterprising to follow to within eye-shot of her door.

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## CHAPTER V.

### ARRIVAL OF SUMNER—DEATH AND FLIGHT.

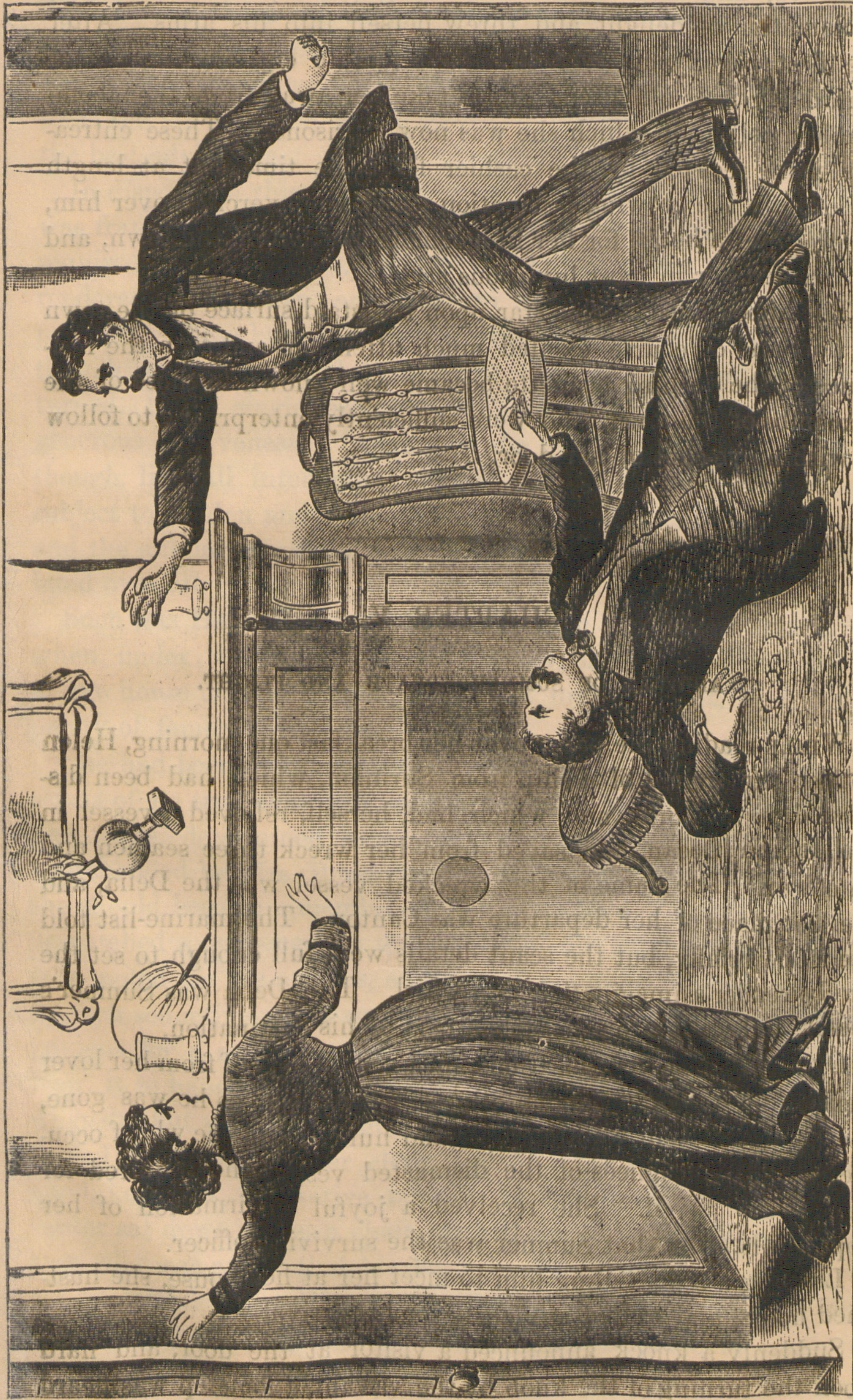
WHILE reading the paper over her breakfast one morning, Helen noticed the arrival of a ship from Surinam, which had been dismasted in a storm, and which had, herself, relieved a vessel in the Indian Ocean, and saved from her wreck three seamen and an officer. The name of the wrecked vessel was the Delia, and the last place of her departure was Canton. The marine-list told the story briefly, but the scant details were full enough to set the lovely reader's imagination in a whirl. The Delia was Sumner's vessel, and Canton had been the port of his destination.

Overcome with her sensations, she excused herself from her lover Benson, on a plea of sudden illness, but as soon as he was gone, she donned a plain walking-dress and hurrying to the wharf occupied by the consignees of the dismasted vessel, she inquired for the parties saved. She received a joyful confirmation of her hopes in hearing that Sumner was the surviving officer.

Leaving a note, telling him to meet her at her house, she hastened home, and waited anxiously for his arrival.

Suddenly a knock announced a visitor at the door, and hard upon the turning of the knob by the servant, a footstep was heard





Her jealous lover dashed Sumner to the floor, and wild with rage, he flung the table lamp full at Helen's head.

Ihr eifersüchtiger Liebhaber schmetterte Sumner zu Boden und schleuderte in rasender Wuth die Tischlampe grade nach Helenens Kopf hin.



ascending the stairs. Sternly and slowly it came up, not like the springy, ardent step of youth, but like a footfall that was counting its minutes against the grave, and trying to lengthen the intermediate probation out. It paused upon the platform and then came a timid tap. Acting under an indefinable sense of dread, Dorcas approached the door and opened it. Ah! what an object met her view! There on the landing before her stood a living spectre, gazing on her with its great melancholy eyes, and sucking in its limp and flaccid cheeks, to catch the breath of which the effort of the ascent had deprived it. She stared wildly at it for a moment, and then bursting into an exclamation of agony and grief and tears, exclaimed: "Oh, Sumner, is this you?" and flung herself upon his shoulder.

While the lovers stood thus sobbing in each other's arms, and before the poor consumptive had time to relate the hardships which had thrown him into a decline, a hasty step was heard bounding up the stairs, the door was burst open, and in the next instant a blow was discharged upon the invalid's neck, which sent him reeling to the wall, and then stretched him on the floor. His head had struck the mantelpiece, and he lay senseless from the contusion, with the blood gushing from his mouth and ears. Benson, for it was he, next turned upon his mistress, and as she fled into another room, he discharged a table lamp at her, which, luckily missing its aim, did no greater damage than to shiver the panel of the door. Having then a chance for a moment's reflection, the madman observed the havoc he had made, and believing he had killed the sailor, fled the house.

Dorcas then returned to her lover, but it was a long time before she could restore him to consciousness. When she did, however, he could not move, and it was as much as the united efforts of herself and a robust negress, who belonged to her establishment, could accomplish, to lift him up into the bed. There he lay, and there she nursed him for several days, until the physician whom she had employed told her he was near his end. Then she was persuaded to allow him to be removed, under cover of the night, to some house from whence he might be borne when all was over, without disgrace to his remains. Benson never troubled her; for, believing he had done a murder, he fled the city, making atonement before he left, by sending to her a large sum of money, as the purchase of her silence.



In a few days after his removal Sumner died. To the last moment, he was kept ignorant of Dorcas's debasement, having been made to believe that Benson was her husband, whom, in a moment of excitement and pique at his long absence, she had been induced to marry. To the final moment she remained at his bedside, but his death snapped the last tie that bound her to anything on earth. She disposed of her household goods, turned her face to Boston, and never put her foot in Portland again.

Helen's novitiate in crime was now fairly passed. She had drowned all her finer senses in her course of guilt, and with the death of Sumner had discharged the last tie that held her scrupulous of the world's regard. A waif upon the tempest, she cared not where it lodged her, hardly whether she lived.

Her career from this time on, up to the hour of her fatal acquaintance with Richard P. Robinson, was one of continued adventure. In Boston, at Saratoga and other fashionable watering places, and at many of the principal cities of the country, she was the reigning sensation among the gay voluptuaries who flocked to her side by the score. She adopted the name of Helen Jewett, and at the time of forming Robinson's acquaintance she was an inmate of a fashionable house of folly on Mercer street, New York city, kept by one Mrs. Welden.

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## CHAPTER VI.

**RICHARD P. ROBINSON—VANITY FAIR—VIRTUE'S TEMPTATIONS—HE MEETS HELEN JEWETT.**

**RICHARD P. ROBINSON** was the descendant of a highly respectable family of the interior of Connecticut. He was a bright, vivacious boy, of generally pleasing manners, but of fierce temper and resentful disposition. At the age of fourteen, at which time his father was dead, he took a desire to go to the city of New York, and though opposed by his remaining parent, he broke through all check, and put his wishes in progress of fulfilment by running away from home.

On arriving in that city he called upon a relation who kept a retail dry goods store, and who, finding the youth literally afloat



in a great town and under his own shallow guidance, gave him a situation in his store. With the generosity usually evinced in such cases, however, the philanthropy was circumscribed by a salary too small for his subsistence; so he was driven to the usual alternatives of deriving the necessary deficit from home, or making it up after his own fashion from the proceeds of the shelves or drawer. Which of these lines of policy he at that time embraced it is doubtful to determine, but the solution is much easier arrived at as to a later period, when his taste for frolic led him into all the extravagances of city life, and caused him to become a frequent visitor to all billiard saloons and bowling alleys of the town.

What else could be expected of him? What else can be expected of the majority of youths similarly situated, and who, like him, are brought from the quiet routine of country life to be plunged into the midst of all the intoxicating pleasures and dazzling temptations of this great Babel of enjoyment—this modern Vanity Fair? If a clerk is but on trial, or receives an annual compensation of some fifty dollars, which is about the same thing as nothing, he is expected to dress like a gentleman and to behave like a gentleman. This naturally stimulates him to an ambition which is above his business, and inspires him with a desire to keep up the character bespoken by his fine clothes and smooth address, after he leaves the shop. These desires, which never assailed him except flickeringly before, become settled in their character, and by-and-by, when some pretty purchaser bestows on him the favor of her eyes, or perhaps suffers her fingers to run to a slight exchange with his under a sheet of sarsnet or gingham, become settled into passions. Between the possession of the object and the means to get it he reasons very briefly. Having the appearance of a gentleman; being evidently taken for a gentleman; knowing what a gentleman should be, he of course resolves to behave as much like a gentleman as possible; and liberality being necessary to the assumed character, he is tempted to sustain it by slight loans from the till, which being repeated, settle into methodized peculation.

He remained in his first situation for two years; but some matters of dispute having taken place between him and his employer, he left his place, and was taken into the store of Mr. Joseph Hoxie, at 100 Maiden Lane. He owed this fortune, good or evil as it may turn out, to the fact that a cousin of his, named F. B.



Robinson, was Mr. Hoxie's secret partner, and felt it somewhat obligatory on him to make room for a relative thus set adrift. The situation, however, was not a very eligible one, for it was only that of under clerk, and its full salary was but one hundred and fifty dollars per annum. This arrangement, however, had one implied condition, which doubtless suited Robinson. It did not bind him to any gratitude, nor impress him with obligations of fidelity; so he accepted it with a good grace, without putting his conscience under any heavy bonds.

The duties of the store in Maiden Lane allowed Robinson his evenings to himself, and as he had the sagacity to reside away from the immediate supervision of any member of the establishment, his irregularities passed without detection. He became a frequent visitor to the theatres, and soon found a set of acquaintances who inducted him at the various dashing brothels of the town. Ere he was well past fifteen years of age he had yielded to the blandishments of a mistress, and in a few months after became known in various houses of interdicted joys as "Pretty Frank."

One day, excusing himself from his duties at the store in Maiden Lane on a plea of sickness, Robinson sought the ever-gay Broadway, and assuming an air of careless independence, slowly sauntered along the crowded thoroughfare. His eye, always ready for libidinous observation, was suddenly drawn to a dashing female figure that was approaching him. It was on the fashionable side of Broadway, and the young lady in question gave evidence, from the manner in which she swam through the throng of promenaders, that she was practised in all its methods of display. The nearer she approached, to the more advantage she appeared; and when, at length, she arrived in critical distance, the magnificent intelligence of her eyes and features made her not only strikingly attractive, but very handsome. Her color was a clear brunette, but through this shadow of the fervid passions struggled the strong glow of an abundant nature, and made her to the sensualist an object of higher interest than the most modest-lidded Dudu or the chastest Chloe in the world.

Her attire evinced a cultivated taste, while the letter which lay within the fingers of a most nicely-fitting lilac glove was the proclamation of a cultivated mind. The large and vigilant black eyes of the young lady did not overlook the juvenile figure which



she had riveted with such a deep attention. His soft, fair, peach-like cheek was a nectarine to the bold appetite that had long been trained to coarser food; while his gilded locks and eyes of blue marked the perfection of that contrasted nature, which, when brought into contact with opposing qualities, make, like the divisions of a druggist's powder, fusion out of opposition, and become harmonious by very strife.

The dashing young brunette fastened her large orbs upon the admirer whom she had transfixed; and as she floated by his side and dispensed a cloud of perfume to his outer senses, she loosened the muscles of her intelligent mouth into a smile so arch that the gazer thrilled with pleasure at the compliment. He made a slight and involuntary movement as if he would have spoken to her; but recollecting himself and the observation he would provoke, he suddenly restrained the wish and contented himself with gazing after her green skirt in the hope that the lovely *inamorata* would look back.

But the young lady with the large black eyes was too well bred, and moreover too well skilled in the mysteries of fascination for that. She did not turn her head; but she did what was next to it, and stopped for an instant at a window filled with splendid prints, and stood at a little distance from the crowd of vulgar gazers who pressed against the rail. Upon this apparent invitation the youth took courage, and hurrying to her side, joined in the apparent attention which she was paying to the window. When he looked askance into her face, however, she gave him another arch expression, and with a smile a little more significant than before, turned on her heel and resumed her way. But she did not meditate casting off this little incident so abruptly. She was a spirited angler, and felt as deep an interest in bringing this brilliant trout to land as the fish felt eagerness to take a nibble at the hook. A few steps further on brought her to the jewelry store on the corner of Spring street, when turning in as if unconscious that she was followed, she went to the rear of the store and gave orders to a clerk, who seemed to be acquainted with her face, to have a topaz stud, which she unbuttoned from her bosom, entirely reset.

Robinson, lured like the fool who goeth to the correction of the stocks, peeped for a moment hesitatingly in at the window, and then, gaining courage from the necessities of the case, went in the



store after her. He was intercepted by a clerk who rested on the counter near the entrance, and pausing at the inquiry of his eye, he took his watch from his neck, and asked him if he could tell, by looking through its system, the causes of its frequent paralysis and stoppage, and whether or not it would require thorough renovation before it could receive another lease of regular health. The clerk handed it to a workman near the window, who commenced viewing it with his eye-glass, while he held his nippers at command in a manner which threatened a thorough dissolution of the fabric. Making the best of a bad mistake at this prospect of the defeat of his intention should the lady in green suddenly go out, the young man resigned his chronometer to the workman's speculation, and moved towards the rear of the store, pretending to be engrossed with the trinkets in the cases. The young lady had not looked towards him from the moment of his entrance; but as she heard him, when he thought he had got near enough, address the clerk who was attending on her with a question about a curiously fashioned breastpin to which he pointed, she abruptly turned away, and with the remark, "I'll be here for it on Wednesday afternoon at three," immediately left the store. Her eyes met those of Robinson again as she brushed by him, but this time there was a shade of seriousness on her face, as if she felt wronged, or at least annoyed, by his persevering chase.

The young man colored to his eyes at this adroit rebuke, and turned hastily to the workman to get his watch, to follow on in the hope of a more satisfactory termination of the enterprise. But the top plate of his time-piece was in the pincers, and the artisan was studying the revolutions under it with as much interest as Herschel or Leverrier would dispose upon the aberration of a planet. Its resumption was hopeless within a period for pursuit, and he was about leaving it behind, with an excuse, when it struck him that the lady had perhaps so chosen her exit that he should be detained behind, so concluded it would be better for him to wait until the following Wednesday afternoon. He therefore abided the operations of the artisan; and finally, when the preliminary examination was all through, decided to leave the watch to be cleansed, and to be called for at the above indicated time.

The young lady in green, who had made such an impression upon the susceptible senses of the youthful debauchee, was, as the



reader has doubtless already supposed, no less a person than the beautiful Helen Jewett.

Determined to again see the dashing brunette if possible, Robinson visited the Park Theatre that evening. As he handed his ticket to the doorkeeper his attention was attracted to the entrance of the upper gallery by the rustling of a figure highly dressed, and gazing after it he thought he recognized in its green tissue the dashing skirt which he had followed so admiringly on Broadway that afternoon. Ere he had time to speculate on the occurrence, however, the figure had disappeared, and he hurried up by the opposite staircase to confront it if possible on the landing. But he was still too late: the green skirt was ahead of him, and would have reached the top saloon with its nimble gait, with the same start as when the race began, if the youth had not perceived a feathery particle like a bank-note fall from her person, and waver lazily over and over a few times as it descended upon the stairs. Upon this he hailed the demoiselle, and directing her attention to her loss, had the satisfaction, and dissatisfaction, to discover that the nimble stranger was no other than his inamorata of the promenade, who had created such a fluttering in his bosom that afternoon.

The full black eyes of the girl fixed themselves with surprise upon her rosy-cheeked admirer, and after a moment's pause of half bewilderment at the recognition, she, with a light laugh at her carelessness, ran two or three steps back upon her track, and intercepting his politeness by the quickness of her motions stooped to pick the fugitive fragment up.

While she was in this position, a couple of fashionable young drunkards reeled from the door of the saloon above, and coming down hastily upon her back, drove her forward prone upon the platform, tearing her dress and bruising one of her hands. Before she could rise, one of them, in drunken sport, administered her a kick, and then both ran together down the stairs, laughing with satisfaction at their chivalrous exploit.

Robinson did not interfere. Though not deficient in courage, he was not created for a knight-errant, and with him calculation usually stood paramount to all sudden impulses. Had he interfered, he might have been very well beaten without contributing any aid or comfort to his unknown flame, so he stood very philosophically by until the assailants ran off, when he raised the





The unfeeling and intoxicated scoundrel dealt Helen a cruel blow, which sent her head-long down the dizzy flight of stairs.

Der gefühllose und oetrunkene Schurke versetzte Helenen einen schrecklichen Stoß, worauf sie kopfüber die schwindelnde Höhe der Treppe hinabstürzte.



abused beauty from her position and sympathized with her like a Samaritan.

The degradation to which she had been subjected hurt her more grievously than her fall or the blow which she had received, and when she rose to her feet she buried her face in her hands and burst into tears. The measure of her debasement seemed now to be filled to the very brim, and she had sunk at length from the topmost sparkle of feminine regard to the abuse of a ruffian's foot.

As she stood thus raining the tears of bitter shame into her handkerchief a number of females and loose young men, who had been attracted by the noise, gathered round and sought to gain some knowledge of the cause of her distress. Robinson, annoyed by the position in which he had been placed, moved downward to the lobby, with the intention of seeking a more favorable opportunity for making an overture of gallantry to the now weeping beauty.

He miscalculated slightly, however, for Helen, overcome with her mortification, left the theatre at once, and taking a coach ordered herself driven home. When, therefore, our young acquaintance left the lobby and sauntered through the saloons to recover sight of the injured brunette he discovered she was gone. A brief inquiry, however, informed him who she was; and he discovered from a Miss Emma French, who happened to be present, that the beautiful one he so eagerly sought had been for some time past a resident at Mrs. Welden's in Mercer street, but was now living at Mrs. Berry's in Duane street.

While he was yet questioning Miss French, a light hand touched his shoulder, and wheeling round he discovered a very handsome little blue-eyed girl, who, drawing him aside, told him the young lady who had been knocked down on the stairs would take it as a great favor if he would call and see her that evening; that if he would do so, he would find her at Mrs. Berry's, and would be shown immediately to her room on inquiring for Helen Jewett.

Excusing himself to his lady companions, Robinson left the theatre, and soon found himself within the portals of what was facetiously known as the *Palais of La Duchesse de Berri*.

Though she had arrived at these lodgings but that afternoon, the room of the brunette betrayed all the concomitants of a refined presence. A pile of music lay upon the table. The most rare and gorgeously-bound albums and keepsakes were sprinkled in all



directions, and costly articles of vertu were arrayed upon the mantel-piece and marshalled on the dressing-table. A superb gilt eagle held in his shining beak a canopy which drifted its snowy sheets of film over a pampered couch, while on a luxurious crimson divan at its foot were cast the rich garments of the mistress of the chamber in a loose disorder, which showed that they had relinquished all their duty of reserve.

Helen, who sat in dishabille in a large easy-chair, rose to meet the young Don Juan on his entrance, and giving him her hand as if recognizing an old acquaintance, pressed it meaningly, and directed him to a seat.

The conjunction which had long been prearranged by fate was at length complete, and the two beautiful adders which were to sting each other to death in their embraces at length laid down together in the same lair.

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## CHAPTER VII.

### ROBINSON'S INFATUATION—JEALOUSY.

THOUGH Robinson was a young man of strong passion, he was, as we have stated, of a cold and guarded nature. Helen Jewett, on the other hand, was as fervid as the sun and impressible as quicksilver. Her fancy for her new lover boiled to the fever-mark, and became rapture at the start; while his, though strong to the last degree of his tough nature, was slow to its climax and steady in its demonstration. When she would dance and fondle like a bayadere, he would maintain a circumspect serenity; and though there were times when her tender frenzy would infuse him with a momentary madness, the general temper of his mind was quiet, and his demeanor free from volatile confusion. Nevertheless, he was as deeply touched as his qualities were capable; and reserved as he seemed during his daily occupations, his strong imagination was continually reminding him of the invitations of her eyes, the twining of her lovely arms about his neck, and straining him towards the hour when he should be free again to seek her presence.

It was at this period, more than at any other, that Robinson



felt the restraints consequent upon his narrow means. The scope of his small salary had already been secretly extended to more than treble its volume by secret depredations, and now that his pampered habits were brought in contact with a more fierce temptation than ever, he writhed with a vicious bitterness of soul under the checks which were thus placed upon his wants. Vain of his conquest, he wished to reward its object in the spirit of a prince. It was impossible, however, that he could enlarge the margin of his free commission on the surplus dribblings of the money-drawer, and no prospect of increase of salary at that time promised him relief. For gaming he had no taste, and the illusory temptations of the lottery made but a slight seduction of his hopes and ventures, before he saw that it was prudent to abandon it altogether.

Notwithstanding he had drawn so desperately on the property of his employer, to sustain the cost of his licentious excesses, the young profligate found it necessary to make further depredating draughts, and early in the period of his new amour, the elegant brunette shone in the silken fabrics which had been thrown around her lovely limbs by her juvenile admirer. Soon, however, she inquired as to his resources, and perceiving with natural acuteness his true condition, and the sacrifice of honesty he was making to keep up a showy profusion in her eyes, she refused all further tokens in the way of presents, and sought to return them and supply his need, by offers of money from her own abundant income. For a while, the young man's pride resisted these temptations, but at length the intimacy between them became so absolute, that he felt no humiliation in sharing minor advantages, with one for whom he had sacrificed considerations of much heavier value.

Helen's liberality was a mistake. It not only stopped the drain from his pockets, which was directed to herself and bound him to her, but it supplied him with means to rove in other quarters. Under the circumstances, it did not seem as though her generosity would be attended with such an effect; but so at length it was. Robinson was too intensely selfish to be bound by any visionary tie of principle from the accomplishment of his desires. He reasoned with himself as to the necessities of Helen's course of life, and enjoyed a private smile in suppositive derision of himself, if he should be so weak as to remain ascetic, through



the coercions of the philosophy invented by exacting women for the regulation of their lovers.

It was not long before his amours attracted the attention of Helen, and her love trembled with the fires of a fierce jealousy. She even threatened to expose Robinson to his employers. They had several separations, and as often were reconciled again. Helen was considerable of a coquette, and, whenever a separation took place between herself and Robinson, called to her side other lovers, and thus aroused the jealousy of Robinson, whose personal conceit was so great that he could not endure that a woman, known generally to be his mistress, might be purchased by any wayfarer in the path of pleasure, and then come back soiled into his hands.

One of Robinson's sweethearts was a Miss Chansellor. Becoming tired of her, he cast her off. She threatened to expose him, as had Helen. Alarmed, he again proffered his love, and thus dissuaded her from her purpose. One night he visited her, and found her very ill. The sick girl despatched him to a neighboring druggist's for medicine; and not knowing that his footsteps were being dogged by Helen, Robinson went for the medicine. After he left the drug-store with his purchase Helen entered, and inquired what it was that he got.

"Arsenic," was the cool reply of the druggist.

Astounded beyond measure, Helen returned to her home. The papers next morning contained the announcement of a sudden death in a house of ill-fame, the night previous—the victim a Miss Chansellor.

When next they met, Helen accused him of being the cause of Miss Chansellor's death. The hardened man turned off the accusation with a laugh; but when Helen defended her position, by referring to his visit to the druggist's, and the purchase of arsenic on the very night of the unfortunate girl's death, Robinson was staggered, but recovering himself, denied the accusation, and so vehemently that Helen was for a while undecided in her opinion. But facts were too strong against him. The only palliation which stood in favor of it, and left him still human in her eyes, was the fond supposition that perhaps he had done the deed on her account.

With Robinson fear took the place of love, and fear, brooding over the dangers which dwelt on the brink of a frail sweetheart's



whim, soon assumed the form of hate. As an object of fancy and mere animal passion, Helen, doubtless, never became entirely distasteful to such an absolute sensualist as he, but now that she stood in the way of other objects, and held against him a secret with which she might at any moment dash the crystal of his future, he felt uneasy at her very thought, and began to conjecture dimly how that secret might be quenched, as effectually as had been quenched the life out of which it grew. For some time he dared not think definitely in the direction of his wishes; but at length he indulged a sigh at the hardship of his case; and as he grew more bold in speculation, he reasoned as though it were a shame in nature that the promise of his years should be denied, and his future blasted of repentance by the continual fear, which stood up against reform, in the shape of this frail and already ruined creature. He was young and capable of redeeming the errors of the past; she was already shipwrecked upon the shoals of honor, and capable only of luring others and herself further upon the strand.

In speculation such as this did the young villain at length persuade himself that he was unjustly involved with one who had no right to live to his destruction, and against whose fate his own should not go down. If Helen were to die, he thought, he could once again breathe free. As he dwelt upon this thought and fixed his mind upon the suppositive period of release, the idea of her death grew so familiar that it soon took the shape of calculation; and as he sighed at the distance the desire loomed away, he involuntarily strained towards it with his heart. Unconsciously, therefore, he was brooding upon murder; and as he stood one evening with his arms around her waist, gazing at the cold starlight from the windows of a chamber which looked into the yard, the devil tempted him, by the facility of stealthy egress in that quarter, with an idea of murder and escape, which never left his mind till he baptized the black conception in the blood of the poor creature at his side. At first the notion was vague and unformed, but by degrees it became fixed and settled until its contemplation grew into a gloomy fascination, which at length increased so strong that every hour of delay seemed like a special disappointment, and every opportunity passed by, a liberation lost.

Notwithstanding these grim fantasies, Robinson thought occa-



sionally of milder modes, and like the physician who has resolved upon amputation, if amputation should be necessary, he resolved to try more temperate experiments in the interim of illness.

At this time Helen was living in the house of Mrs. Townsend, No. 41 Thomas street. Among the frequenters of the house Robinson was known as Frank Rivers. Among his acquaintances was a youth, a little older than himself, but who, better than himself, was formed to win a woman's fancy, and better qualified, it seemed, to gratify that fancy when it was won. He was taller; not so fair, but manlier in his make, and gifted with vivacity and intellect in such happy combination, that he made his way to the best opinion of his listeners without an effort. When we mention that this young man's name was William D. Gray, the correctness of our description of him will be known, while his subsequent career of crime will, to those who have observed his public course, justify us in all the talents we have ascribed to him. William D. Gray, like Robinson, was a downtown clerk, and like him also had, early after his advent in the city, run the gauntlet of alluring vice until, though just verging past his nonage, he might, with his compeer in licentious joys, be called a veteran debauchee.

Robinson bethought him of the dashing overtures and conquests he had seen Gray make whenever he laid his superb talents to the task, and it struck him that he might slide him in his own place with Helen, or at least divide her exactions by fixing her attentions upon one who would be an occasional substitute. With this view, though faint in the hope of ultimate success, Robinson imparted to Gray what that person had long wished for—a consent to besiege Helen in regular form, while to Helen, on the other hand, he, without exposing his object, lost no opportunity to speak in William's favor.

The temptation took. Helen, who had now recovered from her depression, was caught, and like the butterfly who skims the dainties of the field, she fluttered with pleasure upon the edge of the new fancy. She did not, however, plunge headlong into the enjoyment like a bee; her wings were continually spread, and they quivered with mischievous frolic as she tasted the novelty of the new delight, instead of clinging nervously to her side, absorbed and powerless with wholesale joy. Gray rose to the station of a paramour, but not to the position of a lover. Though



Robinson lent him his title, and he was known as Frank Rivers the second in Helen's chamber, as well as throughout Mrs. Townsend's house, he was but the wafer of the first, and served merely as a lunch to temper the appetite to patience before the enjoyment of a greater meal.

The expedient therefore failed, and instead of a new frenzy, it was mere pastime for Helen and the prosecution of a whim. It was not without important consequences, however, and Robinson had imperceptibly made one point, which he intended to withstand him in his ultimate purpose. That point was the duplicate of the title of Frank Rivers, so that if a time should come when suspicion might charge him with a crime, there should be a confusion about his name, which, in relation to the doings of such a house as that kept by Mrs. Townsend, would perhaps protect his identity altogether.

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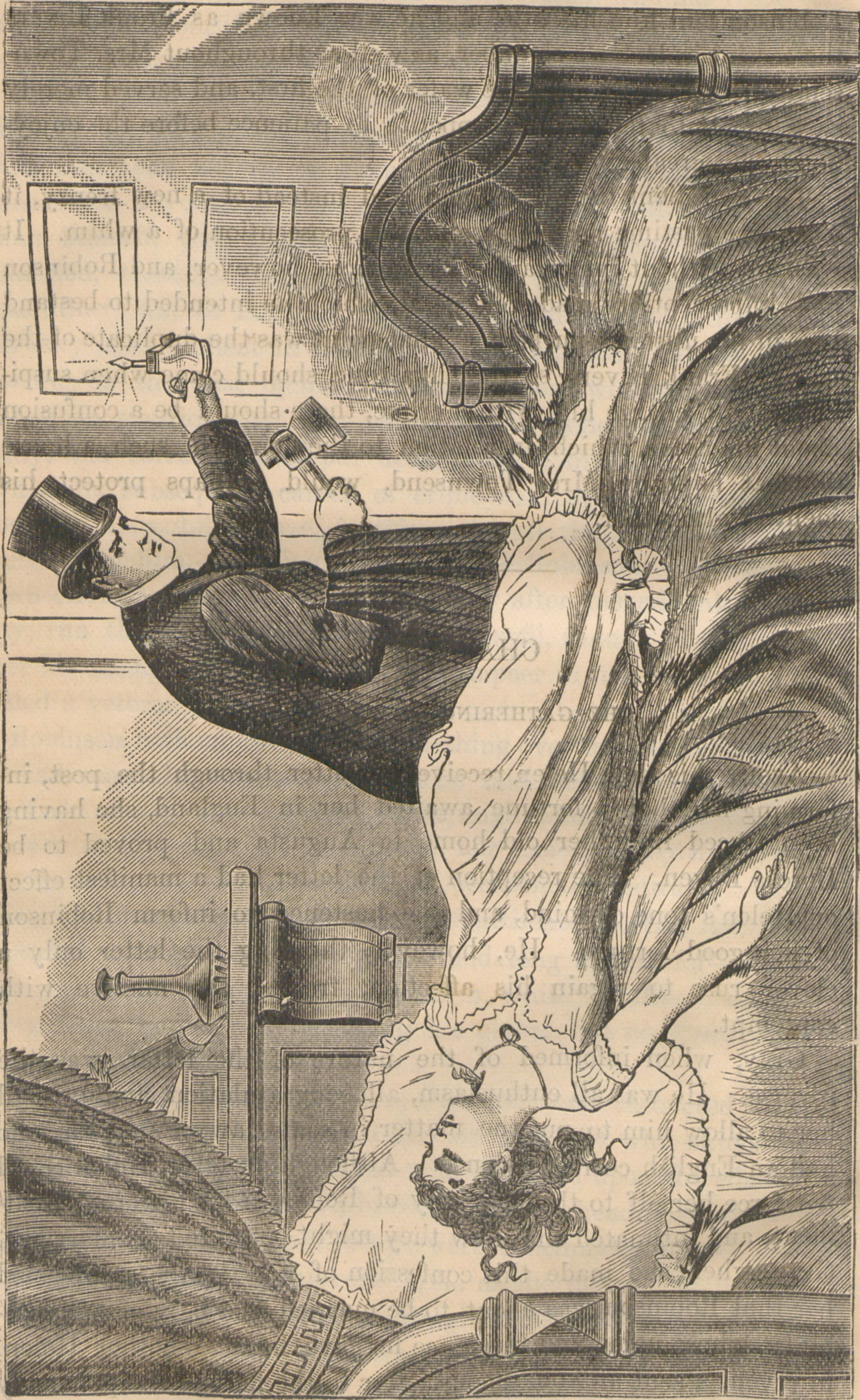
## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE GATHERING OF THE VOLCANO.

ABOUT this time Helen received a letter through the post, informing her that a fortune awaited her in England, she having been traced from her old home in Augusta and proved to be Dorcas Doyen. The reception of the letter had a manifest effect on Helen's tone of mind, and she hastened to inform Robinson of her good fortune. He, however, thinking the letter only a clever ruse to regain his affection, treated the missive with contempt.

Gray, when informed of the nature of the letter, was the reverse. He was all enthusiasm, all congratulation, and pressed her to allow him to put the matter in some lawyer's hands who had an English correspondence. Although grateful, Helen could not force herself to think hardly of Robinson for his cruel treatment, and intimated that now they might be united in marriage. Gray, when she made this confession of her thoughts, informed her that Robinson was about to be married to a lady of respectability, whose name and residence he gave her. Whether Helen, in revenge, sent an anonymous letter to the lady is not positively known; anyway, at his next interview with the young lady,





The young murderer had done the dreadful deed at last, and setting fire to the bed, he thought to thus destroy all evidence of his heinous crime.



Robinson was handed an open letter which the lady had received, and which made a full revelation of all the baseness and corruption of his life. It stated his connection with Helen and its length. It detailed the seduction of Miss Chansellor and her death, and it more than intimated that the means which had supplied his pleasures were the proceeds of his employer's robbery. Altogether it operated like a thunderbolt in the quarter where it fell, and broke the meshes which the villanous deceiver was winding round a pure and trusting heart. The suitor, thus exposed, was, despite his protestations, sent adrift, and as he turned from the door from which he now was finally denied, the fell purpose over which he had been brooding rose black and poisonous within his mind, and set him on fire to consummate the deed. On arriving at his home he found on his table a delicately folded note, which a slight glance informed him was in Helen's hand. Cursing her as he took it up, he tore apart the seal and read as follows:

THURSDAY EVENING, 7 o'clock.

MY DEAR FRANK: You have passed your promise by two nights, and you have not thought proper to send me a single line, even in the shape of an excuse. Do you think I will endure this? Shall I, who have rejected hundreds for your sake, sit contented under treatment which seems invented for my mortification? nay, for my destruction. Pause, Frank; pause, ere you drive me to madness. Come to see me to-night; or to-morrow night if you do not receive this before 12 o'clock. Come and see me and tell me how we may renew the sweetness of our earlier acquaintance, and forget all our past unhappiness in future joy. Slight me no more. Trample on me no further. Even the worm will turn under the heel. You have known how I have loved: do not, oh, do not provoke the experiment of seeing how I can hate. But in hate or in love,  
Your HELEN.

Yes, you shall be my Helen, thought Robinson, as he crushed this note within his hand, but you shall only be mine in death. He paced up and down the length of his apartment for some minutes, with his eyes moodily cast upon the floor, and never even turning to see if his room-mate was in his bed. After some minutes were spent in this way, he sat down and wrote an answer to the above, by way of preventing the writer from sailing past his place of business in the morning, or causing him to be laid in wait for by porters or negro servants with petulant billet-doux. The following are the lines he sent:

FRIDAY MORNING, half-past one.

I did not get your note till 1 o'clock, so that will excuse my not having come to you at once. It so happens that I cannot come till Saturday night. I cannot explain the reason why on paper, but try and be satisfied it is a good one until I can assure you of it in person. I shall come about 9 o'clock, and I wish



you would let me in yourself. I have read your note with pain—I ought to say displeasure; nay, anger. Women are never so foolish as when they threaten. You are never so foolish as when you threaten *me*. Keep quiet until I come on Saturday night, and then we will see if we cannot be better friends hereafter. Do not tell any person I shall come. Yours —.

This note, though without signature, is evidently in the handwriting of Robinson. It was not so identified, however, and consequently was not produced at the time of the trial in this case.

It was the preliminary overture to the tragedy, and, acting from its text, Robinson on the next morning prepared to carry out his dire intent. He went about his business as usual; no one noticed from his manner that anything unusual weighed upon his soul; the same demeanor which had always characterized him was maintained, and he was as serene and unruffled as in his most listless and uninterested hours. Beneath the flowers which bloomed upon his cheek, however, there raged the pent-up fires of hell, ready to burst forth like the volcano and strew everything with ruin.

At first he thought of accomplishing his purpose with poison, and, directed by that idea, went to the store of Dr. Chabert, better known by the title of the Fire King, and who kept a drug shop, a door or two above Pearl street, in Broadway. He had been there before, and was slightly known to the clerk by the name of Douglas.

He asked for arsenic, but the clerk, not liking his manner, refused the sale, and he went away without his object. Foiled in this aim, he dared not double his chances of detection by going to another druggist's, but returned to his store in Maiden Lane with the endeavor to force his cogitations to some new issue. Arriving there, his sharpened senses sprung upon the means to accomplish his intent as soon as he entered, and the sight of a hatchet determined him instantaneously upon the horrid fashion of his crime.

When Robinson went home that evening he slipped the hatchet underneath his cloak, and deposited it within his trunk. On the following night he tied it by a string to the tassel of his wrapper, and thus prepared set out to the residence of his unhappy mistress for the performance of a deed which was to electrify half a hemisphere with horror. The murder might now be said to be upon its feet.



## CHAPTER IX.

## THE MURDER.

On the fatal Saturday night Richard P. Robinson set out from his house in Dey street, enveloped in the ample folds of his friend Gray's cloak, which he had bought but a few weeks before, and steadying with his murderous but unquivering hand the dreadful weapon which hung by the tassel underneath, he proceeded slowly up Broadway. He had been out previously in the evening with three of his fellow-boarders, but had avoided their company by dropping them at Windust's cellar, in Park Row, near the American Museum, through which, after taking a glass of wine at the corner, he slipped by the back way and by a circuit into Beekman street. Thence he went home, and then it was that, having possessed himself of the weapon we have already described, he had again set out and hastened, as we now find him, directly forward to his destination.

Black purposes sympathize with darkness, and Robinson, usually so fond of the spirit of Broadway, now turned down to the gloomy and narrow avenue that runs next to it on the North River side. Hurrying along, he soon reached Thomas street, and drawing the folds of his wrapper well round him, that no chance observation should pierce his thick disguise, he in a few moments more stood upon Mrs. Townsend's stoop. Twice he impatiently rang the bell, and at the second summons came the landlady to the door. The cautious Rosina, however, did not open the door merely because there was a summons of impatience on the outside. That was not her mode of doing business, and she was the more careful of her rule on this occasion, as her furniture and conscience had recently suffered from the irruption of some riotous characters whom one of her girls had incautiously let in. Mrs. Townsend, therefore, inquired through the panel who was there, and being answered that the visitor was for Helen, she let the comer in. It was then that she recognized the person in the cloak to be Richard P. Robinson, and telling him to wait a moment, went to the parlor door to inform Helen that her lover had come.

Robinson answered not a word in reply to the landlady, but



pulled his hat over his eyes to hide his face from the light, and drawing up his cloak for the same purpose, hurried through the entry to the stairs. As he passed the parlor door he turned upon his heel for a moment as if he would wait for Helen to come out. While he paused, and while Mrs. Townsend's head was in the front room, Emma French and Maria Stevens glided by him, and the latter whispered in his ear, "Some one has been before you, Frank. Helen has just come down-stairs." Robinson did not raise his head or give other token that he heard the words, and as the speaker glided off he turned to go up-stairs, by no means shaken by this information from his original intentions. At this moment Helen issued from the parlor, and catching him by the cloak, exclaimed, loud enough for Mrs. Townsend to hear, "Ah, my dear Frank, how glad I am you have come!" Robinson made no reply, and they both went up-stairs together.

It was between 9 and 10 o'clock when Richard P. Robinson and Helen Jewett retired to their chamber at the house No. 41 Thomas street. For an hour neither of them issued from the room (except Helen, who once ran down for a moment to receive a pair of shoes), but at 11 Helen, all languid and in her *habille*, came to the head of the stairs and called for a bottle of champagne. She proposed to wait and take the salver of wine and glasses from Rosina at the head of the stairs, probably at Robinson's desire to prevent Mrs. Townsend from coming in the room; but it so happened that the demand for wine that night had been very great at No. 41 Thomas street, and that Mrs. Townsend was obliged to descend into the cellar. This occasioned a loss of considerable time, during which Helen's patience gave out; so when Mrs. Townsend went up-stairs with the salver she found she was obliged to knock for admittance. Helen opened the door at her summons, and as the mistress of the house handed in the tray she saw Robinson lying on the bed with his head on his arm and his face turned to the wall. The foot of the bed stood towards the door, and being without curtains, and of the low kind known as a French bedstead, it exposed the whole surface of the couch to any person standing at the entrance of the room. Helen, perceiving that the presence and position of her lover had been observed, asked the landlady, in the way of courtesy, if she would now come in and join her in a glass; but alas for her, the landlady refused, and when the door closed upon her this poor



creature virtually bade good-night to the rest of the world forever. With the departure of Mrs. Townsend she looked her last upon a human face, save that of the demon on the bed, if his might so be called.

Gradually all the inmates of that house of sinful luxury retired, and with the rest, the beautiful Augustan, still as blooming to the eye as when she left her home, sought on her tumbled sheets and in a serpent's arms the soft repose of sleep. At one o'clock, everything was hushed within that Palace of the Passions. At two, or perhaps a little after, Maria Stevens, who lay directly opposite the room of Helen, and who was kept wakeful by disturbances which to her were not unusual, heard in the opposite chamber the sound of a heavy blow, which, though it did not resound, seemed to shudder in the floor. It was followed by a long and heavy moan, so pitiful, that it inspired her with a compassionate desire to know more. After whispering silence to her companion, she got out of bed and listened at her door; but nothing further followed, save two or three deep and broken sobs, which her strange experience told her might proceed from a very ordinary cause. Presently, and as she was about returning to her couch, she heard the door of Helen's chamber softly open and as softly close again, and in the next moment a person left it for the stairs. Turning her door-knob gently, she pulled it suddenly open, and saw a person going down. He was wrapped in a cloak, and bore in his hand a small glass globe-lamp, while something which he held within his mantle seemed to engage the other arm. He was going swiftly but stealthily down. Miss Stevens would have followed, and was about stepping forth to do so, when the person with whom she was resident that night, reached forth his hand and caught her clothes, and with an exclamation at her folly, told her to close the door and come to bed. Maria Stevens then returned, and hearing nothing further from the brunette's chamber, soon fell asleep.

At three o'clock, or thereabouts, there came a knock at the front door which roused Mrs. Townsend, and she was obliged to let a person in. Before retiring to bed again, however, she was a little surprised at perceiving a lamp burning in the parlor in the rear. Such a thing being unusual, she went to see about it, and here perceived upon a marble table the glass lamp which belonged to Helen Jewett's room. At the same moment, Mrs. Townsend



discovered that the back door was open, and the bar which fastened it stood by its side. Supposing that some person was in the yard, who would soon return within the house, she returned to her own chamber, and waited some ten minutes, when hearing no one come in, she went to the rear again, and having called "Who's there?" twice without avail, put up the bar and went upstairs to Helen's room. She found it on the latch, but as she pushed it open, a dense volume of offensive and stupefying smoke rushed out and drove her back. Retiring over to Miss Stevens' room, the terrified landlady beat against her door and roused the house. First came out Maria, and leading the way she plunged into the burning chamber. Twice was she and Mrs. Townsend driven back by the stifling torrents, but the vent at length threw up the smother into flame, and there before their eyes, with her transparent forehead half divided with a butcher's stroke, and her silver skin burnt to a cinder where it was not laced with blood, lay all that was left of the mortal remains of the unfortunate Dorcas Doyen.

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## CHAPTER X.

### THE FLIGHT OF THE MURDERER—THE ARREST—THE INQUEST.

THE person whom Maria Stevens had seen go down-stairs from Helen's chamber enveloped in a cloak and with a lamp in his hand, went into the back parlor and set down the lamp that his hands might be free to unbar the door for his escape. To do this, he was obliged, also, to set against the wall something which he carried in his left hand, and which, after the bar was lifted out and the door thrown open, he resumed, and took with him into the yard. The night was dark. The moon yet lacked an hour of her rising, and the atmosphere, through which the stars should have shown to have made atonement for her absence, absorbed in its thickness half the brightness of their rays, so that the person in the cloak stood a mere dusky spot in the gloom. He turned and looked to see which way he should fly. He dared not venture out in the front street by the usual passage, as by that route he must pass the watchful Mrs. Townsend's room. Moreover, should he succeed in safe egress from that quarter, the



policeman who usually lounged in front, in service for douceurs which Mrs. Townsend gave them, might observe his form, and testify to it, as well as to the time. It was bad enough that he was seen to enter the house; the proof against him would be conclusive should he be seen to leave it at this hour, and just as the conflagration was on the eve of breaking forth. The rear was then the only safe direction for his flight, and that portion of it which lay towards West Broadway seemed to be the most easy to his purpose.

In that direction, and almost in a line with the yard, was a two-story yellow frame house, which was inhabited by a stout negress and her daughter. This direction seemed to the murderer the best that he could take, as from the known poverty of the inmates he could not be suspected of a desire to rob them, and if intercepted on their premises, could bribe himself out of his dilemma. While thus concluding, he was startled with alarm by a ring at Mrs. Townsend's front door, and springing with guilty terror to the fence, he dropped in his confusion the hatchet he intended to have taken with him, and threw himself into the adjoining yard. As he dropped from his momentary perch, he paused to think whether he should return, but hearing probably the movement of Mrs. Townsend in the entry, he started to the next fence and scaled that also. His precipitation here, however, cost him his cloak, and when he had got into the third inclosure from the scene of the murder, the sound of the "Who's there?" spoken by Mrs. Townsend at her back door, warned him that there could be no thought of turning back. Onward he fled, therefore, and reaching in the next climb the yard of the yellow house, he sought to gain admittance to the rear entrance. But it was fastened, and he was hesitating whether or no to knock, when he espied an old and rickety cellar door which lay almost even with the ground. He went to work to force it open, and while thus engaged the colored woman and her daughter, who slept above, were roused by the noise and looked out of their window to ascertain its cause. Indistinctly in the darkness they saw a figure laboring to break an entrance in the cellar, and after a moment's pause heard the shrieks of women in the house No. 41 Thomas street. Connecting the appearance of the person in the yard with that disturbance, the woman felt most of her fear disposed of on the instant, and hailing the youth, she asked him



what he was about. He did not reply, for at that moment the door yielded to his efforts and he disappeared in the darkness of the cellar. Feeling no desire to intercept his escape, the two women ran to the front window to see if he went out in the street, and sure enough the cellar door which opened in the street was thrown back and the unknown person issued from it. There was a lamp burning near the door, and by its light the women saw by his figure that the fugitive was young; they likewise saw that he wore a hat, and the elder of the women thought she recognized the youth to be a person whom she had seen on several occasions turning down Thomas street in the direction of Mrs. Townsend's. The fugitive paused for an instant when he issued from the cellar, as if he knew not whether to turn back or to go on, but at that moment burst forth the scream which attended the discovery of the murder, and starting at the peal, as if the avenger of blood were on his heels, he fled down the street without ever looking back. His terrible design had failed in its final parts. The fire which he had lit had not destroyed the traces of his crime, and he now felt for the first time that pursuit was on his track.

He had scarcely gone, however, before Mrs. Townsend, in her distraction, went to the first window and shouted "watch!" and by this summons obtained aid at once. The doors were then taken charge of officially, and the name of every inmate at the time secured. That of Maria Stevens, however, was not upon the list, for immediately on the discovery of the murder, she had wrapped herself in a cloak and fled through the basement into the street.

By the efforts of the police the fire was soon extinguished, and as soon as daylight broke, one of them, who was named Eldridge, found the hatchet which had done the murder, still wet with blood and clotted in spots with brains; and another, named Palmer, discovered the cloak in the second yard beyond. A police officer named Brink, and the coroner, Mr. Schureman, by this time arrived, and the whole story being told to them by Mrs. Townsend and the frightened girls, the latter officer decided at once to issue his warrant for Richard P. Robinson as the murderer of Helen Jewett. Taking with him another officer named Noble, Mr. Brink proceeded to the house No. 42 Dey street, where Robinson boarded. He did not expect to find him there,



but rather went to that point to ascertain if since the hour of the crime he had stopped at home to supply himself with articles for his flight. To his surprise, however, he found the youth in his bed, apparently asleep, with his bed-fellow, a clerk named Tew, in the same condition of repose. At the summons of the officer Robinson sprang up, and rubbing his eyes as if he had been asleep, inquired what was the matter.

"A heinous crime has been committed, sir, within these six hours," said Brink, "and I wish to see you in the entry, by yourself, upon the subject." Robinson, with the simple reply "that it was a bad business," dressed himself with temperate haste, and without the slightest show of excitement or apprehension, went into the entry.

It is necessary, at this portion of our relation, to state, that while dressing, the officer discovered on the young man's pantaloons, as well upon the inside of the legs as upon the seat, the marks of whitewash, and at once connected it in his mind with the flight across the fence. When Robinson came into the entry, the officer asked him if he had a cloth cloak. He answered no, and said the only one he owned was a camlet one, and pointed to it as it hung against the wall. The officer then told him he wanted him to go to the police-office with him, whereupon he made no objection, but simply requested that his companion, Tew, should be allowed to go along. It was a shrewd thought in Robinson to commit in his cause the friendship and report of a person, who, were he left alone, might make wonder out of the rumored crime, and mention the circumstances within his knowledge, such, for instance, as the hour at which he had come to bed, that would tally with his guilt. But Tew went with him in the coach, and his natural sympathy, thus protected from incautiousness, was secured in all its tenderness for the defence.

All eyes were fixed upon the young murderer, as he was brought in the presence of the dead body of his victim; but he was impassable as stone, and over his features, which should have been aghast with horror, even had he been innocent of the poor creature's death, there moved no flaw of emotion, either of pity or of fear. "This is a bad business," was the only expression that he used; and when shown the cloak, with the broken string which had held the hatchet yet fastened to the tassel, he quietly replied that it was not his.



The inquest then proceeded, and as the first of its proceedings, the following report, by the physicians, of the condition of the body of the deceased, was handed in :

## REPORT

*Of the examination of the body of HELEN JEWETT, held before William Schureman, Esq., Coroner, at 41 Thomas street.*

She was found lying on her back, her head on the left side ; bedstead, clothing, and articles surrounding her much burned ; a quantity of blood on the bed whereon her head lay ; the countenance composed as if in sleep ; the body and extremities stiff, and fingers contracted, more particularly the left ; the upper part of the left arm burnt to a brown crust ; the right leg on the outer and posterior part as high as the knee, in the same state, with small blisters on its internal part, and the skin rubbed off on the anterior part ; the surface of the skin was dry ; the back part of the body on the left side extensively burned to a brown crust ; the skin dry like parchment, and slight burns on other parts of the body ; on the right side of the head are three wounds ; the principal wound is situated on the inferior part of the parital bone, and about two and a half inches in length ; the edges of this wound were regular ; the second was situated anterior to this, and the third above the two latter wounds contused.

On removing the scalp, the cellular structure surrounding the wounds was filled with blood ; corresponding with the large external wound, is a fracture and depression of bone occupying the inferior edge of the parital and the upper edge of the temporal bone ; a part of the depressed bone was situated under the superior part of the temporal muscle ; the depressed bone was about two inches and a half in length and two inches in width ; the bone was depressed in the centre about half an inch ; the bones of the head about half an inch thick ; after removing the depressed portion of the bone, the duramater was found lacerated, and the sharp edge of the bone projecting into the substance of the brain ; the brain lacerated ; a slight effusion of blood on the surface of the brain ; the brain vascular at its base, and a free discharge of blood in removing it. Examination of the chest :—On dividing the integuments of the chest, a considerable quantity of blood was discharged ; the contents of the chest in every respect healthy. Examination of the abdomen :—General appearance healthy ; the stomach partially filled with food, but natural in its appearance ; the bladder filled partially with water ; about two ounces of fluid in the cavity of the pelvis ; uterus unimpregnated.

The undersigned are of the opinion, and do certify and believe, first, that Helen Jewett came to her death by a blow inflicted on the head by the hand of some other person. Second, that the blow was inflicted with a heavy instrument, and with great force. Third, that the blow was unexpected, and that the force was such as to immediately destroy life, without a struggle ; and fourth, that the burning was after the extinction of life.

DAVID L. ROGERS,  
JAMES B. KISSAM.

The killing, and the manner of killing, being thus definitely established, the coroner called testimony to establish *by whom* the killing had been done. For this purpose, Mrs. Townsend, Miss Elizabeth Salters, and Miss Emma French, testified as to the hour of Robinson's visit to the house. Mr. Tew was called as to the hour when he returned home ; the policemen swore as to the cries which brought them to the house, the condition of the fire ;



the appearance of the body, and the finding of the cloak and hatchet; and after them, Mr. Brink testified to the share which he had taken in the arrest, and to the whitewash on the prisoner's pantaloons.

These proceedings occupied the greater portion of the day, and during a recess which the coroner afforded for refreshment, the coroner's deputy was left alone with the prisoner. They had possession of the front parlor, and Robinson took his seat on the sofa near the window, and picked up a volume of Tom Moore—a volume which had belonged to Helen, and which through her good nature had found its way down-stairs. Some minutes elapsed before anything was said between the prisoner and his custodian, but at length Robinson having lowered the book and thrown it over his finger to give way to a summons of reflection, the officer ventured to intrude upon him.

"I think this business begins to look rather squally for you now, Dick," said he, looking directly at Robinson to catch his eye.

"Oh!" said the young homicide, with considerable nonchalance, "they can't *convict* me, at any rate!"

The marked emphasis upon the word *convict* was strong enough to make an admission of the reality of his guilt, while it drew the distinction of the inefficiency of the law. In the course of the afternoon the proceedings were finished, and the jury, after a long deliberation, found the following verdict:

#### VERDICT OF CORONER'S JURY.

It is the opinion of the Jury, from the evidence before them, that Helen Jewett came to her death by a blow or blows inflicted on the head with a hatchet, by the hand of Richard P. Robinson.

Upon this award, Robinson was committed to the custody of the other criminal authorities, to await the due process of the law.



## CHAPTER XI.

## PUBLIC EXCITEMENT—REPORTS AND ERRORS—THE PRESS—THE COUNTERPLOT.

At this time, it is impossible to furnish the reader with a full idea of the excitement which was occasioned by the singular and brutal murder of Helen Jewett. It was the theme of the newspapers to a prominence over all other subjects; it was the subject of moral elucidation and horror in every family circle, in the taverns, on the side-walks, and at the wharves. Indeed, everywhere, where people chanced together, it excluded, for the time, all ordinary matters of inquiry or conversation. Out of this unnatural fever of the public mind, rumors of the most monstrous nature were produced, and every day would give rise to some new conception for common wonderment, that was to settle the case entirely, and either confirm the notion of Robinson's guilt, or dispel it beyond the peradventure of a doubt. The whole tendency of public opinion, however, braced to the idea of his guilt. Not a voice was raised in his favor, and it seemed impossible that the sentiment of the community would look upon him except as a pernicious monster, whom it would be mildness to stifle from the platform of his race, as soon as possible. The prospect was dark for the murderer, but nevertheless, there were among his friends some long calculators, who saw that public indignation was too tense to last, and who foresaw also that, in the reaction, there would come a chance for the introduction of whatever points could be manufactured in the prisoner's favor.

Among these calculators was William D. Gray, of whom we have spoken before, and among the means which he conceived to help the defence, was to break the dependence on the testimony of the women in the house in Thomas street, and to procure some positive witness or witnesses who would balance their asseverations with an alibi in favor of his friend. "Anything may be proven, if you only get witnesses enough," was a maxim which Gray was old enough in the ways of duplicity and crime to understand, and he felt that its demonstration in this case might be an easy one, in consequence of the disreputable character of the testifiers, whom he was obliged to overthrow. In accordance with



the first part of this calculation, it was proper to set on foot all sorts of vile suspicions against Mrs. Townsend and the other females in the house in Thomas street. Anonymous letters were therefore written to the newspapers, insinuating that Mrs. Townsend had frequently borrowed money from Helen, and that the consequent presumption was, that she had murdered the unfortunate girl to wipe out the account, rather than that the deceased had been killed by Robinson, who loved her. Other communications insinuated that there was among the females who resided in the house in Thomas street, one who had held a bitter feud with the deceased, and that it was to her, and to the instigations of her wounded pride or jealousy, the murder was to be attributed.

At the same time, and while these movements were going on, other anonymous letters were received by Mrs. Townsend, and also by several of the women who had resided in the house at the period of the murder, threatening them with death, or all sorts of persecution, if they should appear against the accused.

While the reaction was striving against the downright tide, the newspapers helped the defence with the usual cant against the frail creatures who were alone the witnesses of the catastrophe, and at length even went so far, as to make tolerable the expression of a writer in the *Sun*, who, speaking of the murder of Miss Jewett, regretted "that so young a person as Robinson should be sacrificed for ridding the city of so great a disgrace to her sex." Robinson could, therefore, well afford to keep cool in his prison cell, and to receive, with satisfaction, the reports of his friend Gray and others, who were laboring in his behalf.

Unfortunately for his hopes, however, Gray was about this time detected in the commission of a crime which sent him to prison, and deprived the cause of any further aid from him. This brought active movements on the part of the prisoner to a standstill, but he was able to find consolation in the fact, that before the calamity had taken place, the negresses, who after the murder had watched his egress into West Broadway through the cellar door, had been persuaded out of the way by Gray; and moreover, that a substantial witness, in the shape of a reputable grocer, had been secured, who was willing to make up an alibi by swearing that he, the prisoner, was in his store in the lower part of the city, far away from Thomas street, until after ten o'clock on the



night of the commission of the crime. Robinson, therefore, saw his friend go to prison with less solicitude than if these two points had not been accomplished, and wrote to condole with him, and thank him for the service he had already performed in his behalf.

On the 16th April, six days **after the** commission of the murder, Robinson was brought out for examination before a police magistrate, preparatory to his case being sent in to the Grand Jury, on which occasion Ogden Hoffman and Wm. M. Price, Esqs., appeared as his counsel. The proceedings, however, were so short, that we find them all comprised in the following endorsement of the presiding magistrate, on the papers which now lie before us :

*City of New York, ss.* Richard P. Robinson, brought out of prison to be examined on a charge of having, on the night of Saturday, the 9th day of April, inst., caused the death of Helen Jewett by inflicting a blow or blows on the head with a hatchet, and having been informed by the magistrates that he was at liberty to refuse to answer to any question that might be put to him, in the presence of his counsel, answers as follows, and says:—That he is innocent of the charge brought against him, and by the advice of counsel declines answering any questions that may be put to him.

O. M. LOWNDS, Special Justice.

From this stage of the proceedings, the matter was transferred to the Grand Jury, and taken up by that body on the 19th April. The Grand Jury examined twenty-seven witnesses; among whom were Mrs. Elizabeth Stewart, of 171 Reade street, who had boarded Miss Chansellor and Miss Julia Brown, of 64 Chapel street. Julia testified that "she had lived at Mrs. Townsend's some four years before, but had removed from there to Reade street. Robinson had visited her house at that place about nine months before the murder, to see a girl named Hester Preston. He had subsequently visited another girl in Chapel street, named Adela Phantom; and had also seduced a girl at Miss Stewart's, 171 Reade street. Witness had known Helen Jewett, and also knew Frank Rivers. Frank had once told her that if any woman exposed him he would blow her brains out; but she, witness, had only laughed at the idea."

Mrs. Stewart testified that, "while she lived at 171 Reade street, Frank Rivers brought a little girl there to board, named Emma C. Chansellor. He gave her some dresses and some books, and paid six dollars a week for her board. She stayed but three weeks, however, when her aunt, having found out where she was, came and took her away."



The other testimony, which came before the inquest, being as conclusive as that elicited before the coroner, a "true bill" for *wilful murder* was found against the prisoner, without a dissenting voice.

As soon as the result was made known, Robinson was transferred from Bridewell, which was a mere prison of detention, to the stronger prison of Bellevue.

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### THE FINALE.

It is not necessary that we should tire the reader with a report of the trial, which lasted five days. Popular feeling had at first been rather in favor of the prisoner, but the developments of the trial caused a revulsion of feeling, and notwithstanding his acquittal he stood branded as a murderer in the opinion of his fellow-citizens.

Mr. Ogden Hoffman, who appeared for the defence, commenced with deploring the disadvantages under which the counsel for the prisoner labored, as compared with the prosecution, in the procurement of witnesses, and with great ingenuity assumed that the paucity of his testimony would be rather the result of artificial obstacles in his way, than the fact that there was no evidence in existence in his behalf.

The crafty lawyer endeavored to arouse sympathy by repeatedly referring to his client as "this boy!" All that money could accomplish, in the way of bribery and otherwise, was done for Robinson. The grocer, previously referred to, made oath to establish the *alibi*, and shortly afterward committed SUICIDE! He was evidently but a base hireling, and met his just deserts in a watery grave of his own choosing, driven no doubt to his own taking off by the gnawing conscience of a guilty man. The district attorney, after regretting that some witnesses, for whom he had sent, had not been captured and brought in, reluctantly consented that the evidence on both sides should be closed. The witnesses who had thus failed the prosecution were the colored women who had seen Robinson escape by the cellar door into the street, after the commission of the murder. They had kept out of the way at the instigation of Gray and other of the prisoner's agents, and it was owing to this excellently managed portion of



the business that his counsel were enabled to make a show for his defence.

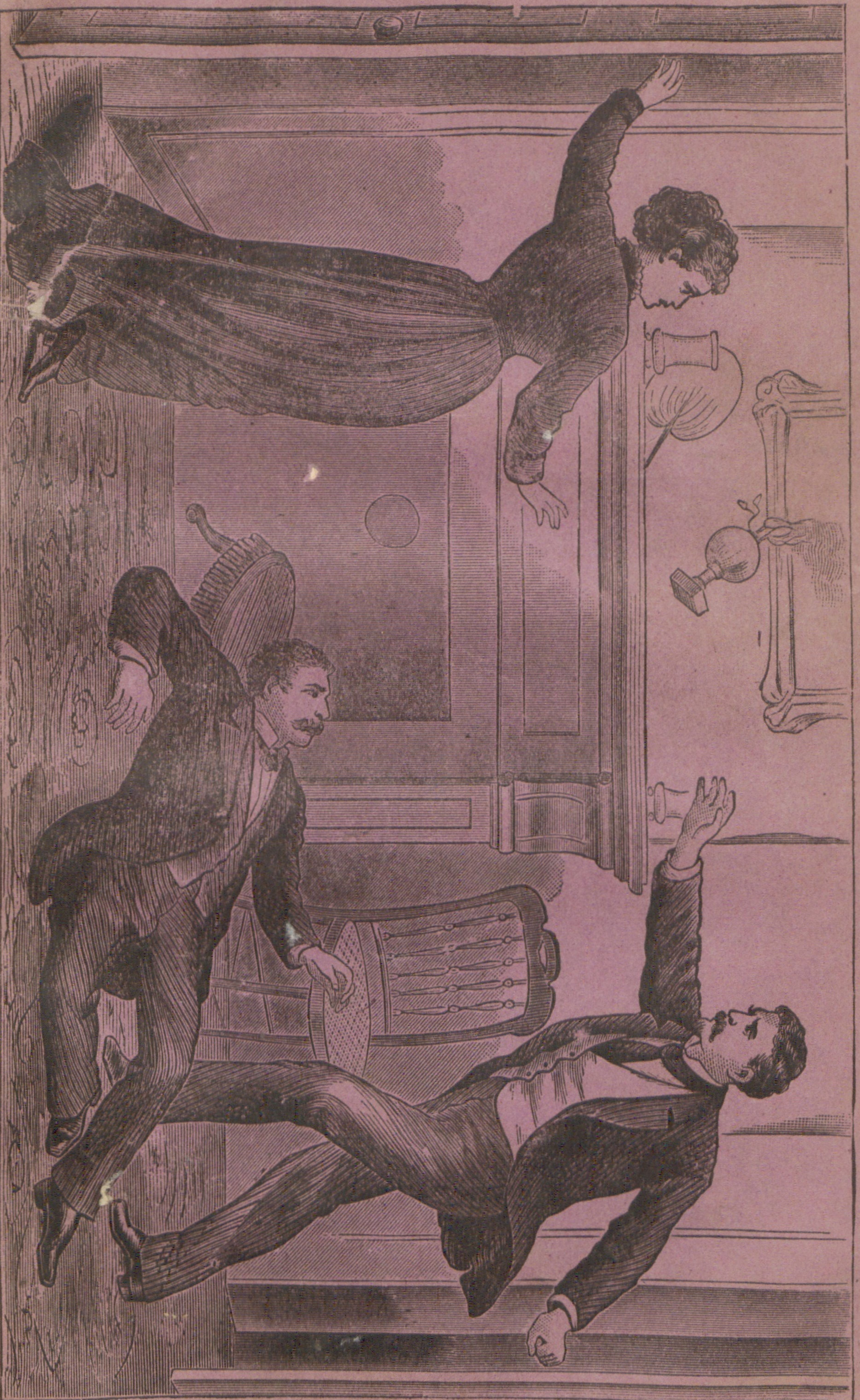
Thus then to the amazement of the court and spectators the prisoner at the bar was pronounced "NOT GUILTY!"

The trial over, the extreme indignation of the community naturally alarmed the young murderer, and gave uneasiness to his supporters, and when the leading journals denounced the verdict, and some even went so far as to suggest that the accused should be tried for the separate offence of arson, considered their protege in absolute danger. Robinson thereupon bade farewell to the region of his crimes. Like Cain, his execrable prototype, he fled into the shadows of an unknown exile, with nothing behind him in the shape of recollection but universal detestation and the public curse!

20 cent Ed.

THE END





He jealous lover dashed Sumner to the floor, and wild with rage, he flung the table lamp full at Helen's head.